

For the Children

THE TALE OF THE WILFUL FISH.

Did you ever, ever hear
Of anything so queer
As the little fish who couldn't learn to swim?
Through the air above so high,
For he said, "I want to fly
And to be a little bird upon a limb."
Then his good old mother said,
"With such notions in your head
You can never be of any use to me;
So you'd better go away
From home this very day
And try your luck a living in a tree."
Said the foolish little fish,
"I am sure that if I wish
I can sing like any bird—very sweetly."
But a man came along
With a line and hook so strong
And caught the little fish—very neatly
—Frances Densmore.

THE LITTLE PIGS THAT PLAYED IN THE GARDEN.

The garden was a very beautiful spot. There was grass in the middle, and all around, close to the fence, grew many kinds of sweet-smelling flowers. The little pigs that played in the garden did not walk upon four legs each, but upon two legs each. They neither grunted nor squeaked, and, strange to say, the name of one was Lillian, and the name of the other Judy. These two thought the garden the loveliest spot they had ever seen. Some one else thought it was a lovely spot and that was Jasper, who was visiting his grandmother next door. There was a loose board in the fence, and by working it a little looser, Jasper managed to remove it, and then he could see very well into the garden. Presently he said to Judy, who was bending over the pansy bed near, Lillian being on the other side watering:

"Hello! You've got a fine garden."
"We've got lots and lots of flowers," she replied.
"Please give me a pansy," Jasper begged.
"I won't," Judy promptly replied. "Aunt Juliet said Lillian and I could have 'em for ourselves—every single one."
"I should think you'd like to give some away, you've got so many," Jasper said, longingly.
"We don't," Judy said, firmly. "Go away, boy. You can't have any."
"Your sister 'n' you are pigs," Jasper said hastily and impolitely.
"We're not! We're just little girls," Judy hastened to declare.
"You are two pigs!" Jasper insisted. "Pigs always want to keep things to themselves." And he ran off, crying at the top of his voice: "Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!"
Judy, in turn, ran into the house, crying. "Aunt Juliet! Oh, Aunt Juliet, are Lillian and I pigs?"
"Why, of course not, darling," Aunt Juliet answered, looking up from her desk.
"The boy next door says we are, just because I wouldn't give him a flower."
"That wasn't very kind of him; but then it wasn't

kind of you, dear, to refuse him a flower," Aunt Juliet said, taking Judy upon her knee, and wiping the tears that had gathered in the blue eyes.

"But you said they all belonged to Lillian and me," Judy cried.

"So I did, dear. But I did not mean you were not to give any way. I meant that I would not claim them," Aunt Juliet explained. "You may give some to the boy, if you wish."

"I don't," Judy promptly replied. "We want to keep every one. They're so nice, and you know we haven't a single flower at home, Aunt Juliet."

"Yes, I know, Judy. I think that is why I gave all my flowers to you. I wish you would spare a few for the boy. I've always shared the flowers with those who cared for them. Last year, when the asters grew so tall and beautiful, I took some to church and placed them on the altar. I was very glad I had them to give. I've never thought of keeping them to myself."

"He called us pigs," Judy murmured.

"That really wasn't nice of him," Aunt Juliet replied. "Still, I wouldn't remember it against him, Judy. Instead, I'd give him a bouquet of pansies. Why, the nicest thing about having flowers is to share them with others, I've found."

Judy sat still for a moment, then she said: "Pansies have such dear, soft little faces, I believe he'd like them better'n any other kind." Then she slipped down from her aunt's knee and ran into the garden to her sister.

"Lillian," she said, "we are going to give some of our pansies to the boy next door, because he hasn't any in his garden."

"All wight," answered Lillian. She was always willing to do whatever Judy did. Their mother sometimes said that this ought to make Judy careful of the example she set.

Judy had just finished picking a nice bouquet when the boy's voice, right at her elbow, made her jump.

"Mercy! you scared me so!" she cried.

"I didn't mean to; you could not hear me walking over the grass," said Jasper. "I came to 'pologize. I'm sorry I called you pigs."

"But it was unkind of me, too," Judy hastened to say, looking at the boy with sweet, friendly eyes. Then she laughed, "Guess who these are for?"

"Not—not—" the boy began doubtfully.

"Yes, for you. Every one. Aunt Juliet says the nicest thing about having flowers is sharing 'em, and I think so, too," Judy explained.

Jasper took the flowers, and with a hurried, "Thank you," ran to show them to his grandmother. Pretty soon he returned with a cookie for each girl and one for himself. And how happily they all played in the beautiful garden!—Julia Lewis, in *The Weekly Welcome*.

The imputing of wrong motives to another is itself in many cases, regarded as proof of the same evil in the accuser. A loving, charitable spirit, on the contrary, never subjects its possessor to criticism or suspicion. The man that is blind to others' faults is lovingly excused for his sweet ignorance.